

The Comickall Historie of

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot heare it :
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
With sweetest tutes pearce your Mistres eare,
And draw her home with Musique. *Play Musique.*

Iessi. I am never merry when I heare sweet Musique.

Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :
For do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hote condition of their blood,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
You shall perceave them make a mutuall stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of Musique : therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
But musique for the time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musique in himselfe,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Tenebris* :
Let no such man be trusted : marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall :
How farre that little candle throwes his beames :
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the Moon shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dimme the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King,
Untill a king be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters : musicke harke.

Ner. It is, your musicke Madame of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day.

Ner. Si.

the Merchant of Venice.

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke,
When neither is attended : and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day,
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musician then the Renne.

How many things by season, season'd are
To the right praise, and true perfection :
Peace, how the Moone sleeps with *Endimion*,
And would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of *Portia*.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoe,
By the bad voyce.

Loren. Deere Lady welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which speed we hope the better for our words :
Are they return'd ?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet :
But there is come a Messenger before,
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day light sicke,
It lookes a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunne is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walke in absence of the Sunne.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavie husband,
And never be *Bassanio* so for me,
But God fort all : you are welcome home my Lord.

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